

A.

PoEtIc AdDiCtIoN

You see, you make me wanna write

You make me wanna write words
So sweet and on the other hand

Words wind up so tight

Until it squeezes you when you feel me

Setting my poetic heart soaring free

Like a bird flying in mid air

But I don't care

As long as I can bring these poetic words to your ears

Leaving with happiness or in tears.

I am like an addict unashamed

And an addict by deed and name

Over poetry deep, deep, deep, deep in my soul

No matter how deep or how old

Or how it sounds in words so dear

Until it just burns off your ears.

Fire flame to touch

No but not too much

Just a little at a time

With somewhere in there with you on my mind

Because I am an addict to poetry.

Poetry by any means you see

If by anything else is messed up,

Like the Crack head on the streets

I need to be fed my “drug” that inner beast.

No not beast but pleasure deeply so

Until I feel and really know

It's that thing call poetry I am addicted to

Yes, it's very, very, very true

I love poetry because I am an addict.

And if poetry were a woman, she would be my mistress,

My chick on the side I won't miss,

B.

Hero

Courage

Bold

Sacrificing everything

To save or to help everybody.

If I can just help somebody

Along this way and keep the faith

And keep fighting for a cause

Not belonging to me

Then and only my hero

Will come to me.

Not a white shining armor of a

Hunk of a man wearing an “S” on

His chest flying the “friendly skies”

Somewhere to swoop me off my feet---

HELL NO! No way No how!

A hero is not just a sport figurehead

Or powerful individual

Or some guy who saves the day

But a hero is

A hero is not just a sandwich

A hero is being humble
Courageous but forever grateful
For that's a hero!
Yes, a hero is more than all that
But even more
To me much more.
Mucho more.

A hero is a builder of dreams
Dreams that go beyond he sees
Now that's what a hero is to me.

October 2003

C.

Long Lonesome Road

To every traveling soul that wonders

Here I travel
This long lonesome road.

I don't know where it'll lead me
But I will be a travelin' with this heavy load
No matter where I travel
This road will lead me there
As I travel this long lonesome road.

Here I travel
This long lonesome road.
Not many travelers to travel with me,
Just a lonely poet with a suitcase filled with words to fill
No matter where I travel
I am goin' to be free
As I travel this long lonesome road.

Here I travel
This long lonesome road.
Where I'll roam alone,

But yet I am not alone you see,
I have a guitar packed with a million songs,
No matter where I travel

I will be surely free,
As I travel this long lonesome road.

As I travel this long lonesome road,
Traveling here and there to parts unknown.
I am just a stranger travelin' along with my load,
Spreadin' a little joy where Christian love is bound to be shown.

Yes, I travel this long lonesome road,
As I travel this long lonesome road.

Travel on!

Travel on!

Travel on that long lonesome road.

Travel on!

Travel on!

Travelin' on that lonesome road.

Yes, travel on!

Travel on I say, travel on!

Travel on that long lonesome road.

No matter where I travel

I will be surely free

As I travel this long lonesome road,

Yes, I travel that long lonesome road.

Travel on!

Travel on!

Yes, I will be travelin' that long lonesome road.

April 2004

D.

Morning Song

A poet's psalms

I sing to You my Lord,
Early in the morning I lay awake
Giving you Praises before You.

I sing to You my Lord
Early in the morning
As the dew falls on the earth
And Glory shines so brightly
For You are surely worthy of all the Praises

The glory and Honor that shines
Like diamonds and so do your praises to You O Lord.

Glory to you O Lord
For You are worthy of the Praises.

Let the day be of the Lord's
As the Lord is our God, Our Salvation
For He is trustworthy always!

I sing to You my Lord
Early in the morning I lay awake

Giving you Praise before You...

2 June 2004